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W. P. WALTON.

SIX PAGES.



JOHN G. CARLISLE.

The Legislative caucus to nominate a democratic candidate for U. S. Senator did nothing the first night of its meeting except to adopt the rules of the House for its government and resolve to prevent an election until a nomination was made. This was done in order to preclude a combination with the republican members, who might hold the balance of power. In order to carry out this resolution the members complimented various and sundry people by voting for them during the session of the legislature. Among them we notice that our neighboring countryman, Hon. B. H. Tolinson, was credited with three votes, hardly enough for any practical purpose, but quite a compliment all the same. The next night the nomination of candidates was in order when the names of Gov. Knott, Judge Laban T. Moore, Gov. McCleary, Mr. Carlisle, Judge Lindsay and Evan Settle were presented in the order named. Hon. R. C. Warren nominated Gov. McCreary in a speech which was acknowledged to be a very fine effort. Senator Mulligan nominated Carlisle and in doing so more than maintained his reputation as an eloquent orator. The speech of Mr. Thomas of Bourbon, nominating Judge Lindsay was also a very superior effort. Messrs. Cooper and McCord nominated Gov. Knott and did it very handsomely. The names of Gov. Buckner, McKenzie and Judge Reeves were not presented and the hour being very late the caucus adjourned by a vote of 66 to 46, the Carlisle men voting solidly to take a ballot before adjourning.

Wednesday night there were four ballots taken, Carlisle starting with 34 and ending with 39; McCreary with 10, going to 15 and ending with 12. Lindsay started with 26 and had 29 at the close; Knott 27 to start with, but lost steadily and ended with 16; Moore had 12 on the last ballot and Settle 7. Gov. McCreary's 15 were Senator Anderson and Representatives Hensley, Long, Mathers, Rowlett, Settle, W. B. Smith, Tolinson, Warren, Welch, Williams, Stephenson. After the fourth ballot the caucus adjourned till last night and at the session yesterday the members voted scattering, as the day before.

It begins to look now like Carlisle is a dead sure winner. The balloting does not show our candidate as strong as we had counted, while Carlisle is gaining right along. While personally we should like very much to see our excellent congressman honored with the nomination, we have naught but praise and good will for the great champion of tariff reform and if he is nominated we will rejoice almost as much as if our favorite had won. Carlisle seems to be the choice of the people now and their voice is the voice of God.

The attorneys and courts have done Kemmerer, the New York murderer, condemned to die by electricity, great and grievous wrong. He was booked to die the first week in May and he made his preparations accordingly. He read the Bible, sang Psalms and was fully prepared, he said, to meet death and his Maker. But a stay of proceedings was granted under a habeas corpus writ and Kemmerer, satisfied that he will not die after all, has given his spiritual advisers the cold shoulder, substituted ungodly songs for church hymns and backslid generally. Thus a bright little angel was spoiled and Kemmerer follows in the footsteps of his real master, of whom it is said: When the devil got sick, a monk he would be, but when he got well the devil of a monk was he.

Owino to the bad feeling of some of Carlisle's managers, Little Phil Thompson was sent for to harmonize matters and he seems to have succeeded. It is stated that a number of Carlisle's warmest supporters from his district do not speak to him, the reason for their earnestness being to get him out of their way for Congress. In the event of his election there will be a dozen candidates in the 6th.

W. L. Lyons has been elected mayor pro tempore of Louisville during the absence of Mayor Jacob, who takes a foreign tour for the benefit of his health. As Mr. Lyons was president of the Louisville Base Ball Club last season he would seem to be fully competent for the duties devolving upon him.

The members of the Kentucky Press Association have no doubt read Col. W. M. Hull's article in the Courier Journal of the 12th, relative to the Old Point excursion. It fully states the matter and we are sure those who will consider it fully will agree that it is a very happy solution of the question. The C. & O. has changed hands since Mr. W. A. Wilgus, who was with the old corporation, extended the invitation to the K. P. A. and that gentleman is not now connected with the road. Mr. H. W. Fuller, the clever and accommodating general passenger agent, is willing to do every thing he can to fulfill the obligation of the former management, incurred thru Mr. Wilgus, except to run the special train, which would cost \$2,000 and be chargeable to his department. It is his desire, he told us, when we called at his office in Cincinnati, to make as good showing as possible and to operate his department on as economical a basis as he could. He proposed two plans, both of which we consider reasonable and liberal. If as many as 100 members and their wives and daughters wish to go and will so express themselves to us, he will run the special at the lowest round-trip rate ever offered—\$9, or he will issue free passes to a reasonable number of editors, during the summer, upon application to and recommendation from us. This will be far more pleasant than going in a body, which would subject the members to all the inconveniences that crowded hotels impose. We do not see that the big-hearted Will Wilgus had any reason to feel embarrassed in the matter at all, certainly not after this very satisfactory compromise.

We are in receipt of a letter from Judge W. M. Beckner, chairman of the Executive Committee, saying that the meeting would be postponed from the 4th to the 25th, owing to several unforeseen reasons, one of them being the delay in the completion of the Kentucky Union road to Jackson, caused by the washing away of its bridge over the Kentucky river. An excursion over the road is to be a feature of the entertainment, and so the meeting was postponed. It is just as well, besides, as President E. Polk Johnson expresses it, we are to be the guests of the citizens of Winchester and they must be consulted as to the most agreeable time for us to visit them.

PROHIBITION got another black eye this week, this time in Kansas. Judge Coover has pronounced unconstitutional the provision of the law conferring power upon the Attorney General and his assistants to summon persons before him to testify as to violations of law so that they can issue an indictment against the persons so informed on, as it is an attempt to confer judicial power upon a prosecuting officer. The decision gives great comfort to liquor men and prohibitionists, who are preparing to make a desperate fight this fall for the repeal of the prohibitory law. The decision was in a habeas corpus case brought to procure the release of a man from jail sent there under the law.

The democrats have nominated Richard Vaux to fill the vacancy in Congress caused by the death of Mr. Randall. He was formerly mayor of Philadelphia and a half a century ago was secretary of legislation at the court of St. James. The fact that he has the honor on one occasion of dancing with Queen Victoria may not be in his favor, but it is stated that he will be elected beyond peradventure. He was nominated on a clear-cut tariff reform platform, which is rather singular, since Mr. Randall was a pronounced protectionist. The nomination is a capital one and very effectively settles the differences that threatened to disrupt the party in the district.

O. H. BOTTLCKER, late editor of the Omaha Republican and formerly editor of the Louisville Sunday Argus, in which his undoubted genius was first displayed, is dead at the early age of 31, that dread disease, consumption, having cut him down before reaching the prime of what promised to be a very brilliant career. He married a daughter of Public Printer Ronnells, but after a few years they separated, as there was little congeniality between them. The friends of his earlier days grieve over his untimely death and extol his virtues, which far outweighed the faults of this erratic genius.

The House has passed Mr. McCord's bill, which is designed for a solution of the troubles in the mountain counties. It provides that the Commonwealth shall have a change of venue in criminal cases wherever it appears that a fair trial, by reason of a state of lawlessness in the community, cannot be had. The bill seems to be an excellent one and it is to be hoped that the Senate will promptly concur. It will prevent the necessity and expense of sending soldiers to the lawless counties, and from which no lasting good results.

The Courier-Journal, Times and other newspapers are bringing great pressure to bear in favor of Mr. Carlisle for senator, and numerous counties are holding meetings and instructing for him. There is no doubt that the great statesman is fully deserving of the honor of an election, but the same thing can be said of McCready, Knott and Lindsay, each of whom have served the party long and well. They are all good men and no matter which is elected, Kentucky will be well represented.

Mr. Butterworth is one of the Big Four of Ohio politics, and evidently means to have it understood that he is not a mere follower of Mr. McKinley, who is another of the Big Four. He spoke against his alleged tariff reduction bill Tuesday.

Col. C. P. Atmore, in behalf of the L. & N., Mr. D. G. Edwards for the Queen & Crescent, W. H. Prouty for the N. N. & M. V., H. W. Fuller for the C. & O., and J. K. McCracken for the L. & St. L. & T. have very kindly extended the courtesies of their roads to the members of the K. P. A. attending the Winchester meeting, and arrangements are being made by which an agreed certificate from the secretary shall be good for passage on any of the roads. In due time we will send a circular to each editor, with a request that he state the roads he will use in reaching Winchester.

The Senate and House are at loggerheads on the dependent pension bill. The former body passed the identical bill which Grover Cleveland very properly vetoed several years ago, but the House changed it to a service bill, giving pensions to every soldier when he arrives at the age of 60. It is hoped that the breach will widen and that no agreement will be effected in the matter. The pension laws are already too liberal and too laxly construed.

The duty little prohibition papers have taken up the republican lie that Carlisle was drunk at Senator Beck's funeral and are making a great ado over it. There is not one word of truth in the story and it has so been proven, but that makes no difference with papers which start out to lie on their betters. They keep it up with the hope of fooling those who are idiotic enough to read only those lying sheets.

The Frankfort Capital strikes the key note when it says with reference to the meeting of the K. P. A.: There will be no Old Point trip, that may depend upon it. It is too far away for one reason; it is too expensive for another.

LEGISLATIVE DOINGS.

The Legislature is absolutely doing nothing in the way of law making.

The Legislature has been in session to yesterday 140 days at a cost to the State of \$149,000 at least. During the time 2,021 bills have been presented, but less than half have been disposed of.

The governor vetoed the bill to incorporate the Altamont & Manchester railroad because it conferred too many rights and privileges, such as the owning of mines, manufacturing establishments, lands, &c.

NEWS CONDENSED.

It is said that Senator Beck was only worth \$150,000.

John G. Barnett, an estimable citizen of Louisville, is dead.

Gen. Joe Johnston will unveil the Lee statue at Richmond, Va.

It is stated that the E. T. V. & G. has bought the Louisville Southern.

Five Italians and two negroes were injured by a blast near Nickolasville.

The Richmond post-office sent out 5,415 letters and postal cards last week.

It is estimated that the loss by Mississippi floods will amount to \$27,000,000.

Judge George M. Sabia, U. S. District Judge of Nevada, died at San Francisco.

Over \$100,000 worth of lots were sold at the first day's auction at Rockwood, Tenn.

Mrs. Hammie Grissom dropped dead in Georgetown as she was returning from church.

There are now 101 Union soldiers in Congress and 81 who served in the Confederate army.

The Western railroads are at war and a rate of \$3 from St. Paul to Chicago is now being made.

George Dowd brutally murdered his father-in-law, John Bruce, near Rock Haven and escaped.

A heavy snow, eight inches at several points, fell in Minnesota and North Dakota Wednesday.

A shad was recently caught in the Delaware river, measuring 31 by 8 inches and weighing 131 pounds.

Mason county instructed for Col. Matt. Adams for clerk of the Court of Appeals and Daviss for Madden.

Two freights on the E. T. V. & G. collided near Chattanooga, killing 4 train men and causing a fearful wreck.

J. Golden has been appointed postmaster at Burriside, Peklaski, and Mrs. E. M. Caton at Pine Hill, Rockcastle.

The republicans agreed on Col. Silas Adams as their candidate for U. S. Senator and he gets their 18 votes right along.

Rev. Sam Stoddard, the evangelist, has announced himself as a candidate for the Georgia legislature on the prohibition ticket.

John S. Anderson, of West Virginia, brother of Judge Alex Anderson, of Danville, died at the latter's home this week of paralysis, aged 50.

Col. Samuel B. Churchill, Secretary of the State of Kentucky under Gov. John L. Helm, and a man of fame throughout the South, is dead at Louisville, aged 77.

The C. & O. will put single-fare round-trip tickets on sale May 26 for the extension to Richmond, Va., to attend the unveiling of the great Lee monument.

A petition is being circulated in Boyle and being largely signed asking their representative to vote for Carlisle. The same thing is also being done in Shelby county.

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A BIG BREAK

In prices at

THE LOUISVILLE STORE

Never in the history of our establishment have we been able to make such an array of low prices as will prevail this week throughout every department. Our

Large Display of Men's and Boys' Hats

We are now ready for inspection and will be sold this week at the following cut prices: Boys' Buckeye Hats, full size, 5 cents apiece, worth 10c; Boys' Straw Sailor Hats 25c, worth 50c; Youths' fancy Straw Hats 10c, worth 65c; Men's Buckeye Hats 10c worth 20c, 15c worth 25c. Men's fancy Straw Hats 35c worth 50c, 50c worth 75c.

A BEAUTIFUL LINE

Of Men's Stiff Hats will be sold this week at \$1.50, worth \$2.50. We will sell this week a beautiful line of Gents' new Crusher Hats at 50c, worth 75c. Great Bargains for this week in Gents' Wool Hats at 50c, worth \$1 and all our better grades of Men's and Boys' Fur and Straw Hats will be sold this week for half their former price. We do not sell Hats just for fun, but we take great pleasure in assuring our friends that we lead the town in Hats, just as we do in Clothing. We buy large quantities of Clothing, Dry Goods, Shoes, Hats, Trunks, Carpets, Matting, &c., and pay and sell for cash. The qualities of the goods and the low prices draw the trade.

Main Street, Stanford,

M. SALINGER, MANAGER.

— Prohibition was defeated in Caldwell county by about 300 majority and carried in Hopkins county by not less than 350 majority.

— George Francis Train, the irrepressible crank, is on the Atlantic ocean, having nearly completed his globe girdling expedition. He will beat Nellie Edy's record.

— Nobody is taking any interest in the tariff talk. The people already understand the McKinley bill. It increases the cost of the necessities even more than the war tariff did.

— In Woodford Miss Pove Bartlett, an estimable lady, who has been blind from infancy, caught fire from an open grate in her room and was fatally burned before assistance could reach her.

— The L. & N. lost its depot at Finneyville and a car load of merchandise and Mason & Bennett their general merchandise store by a fire, supposed to have been set by an incendiary. Loss \$3,000.

— Gen. John Bidwell, a prohibition candidate for governor of California some years ago, has caused all his grape vines to be pulled up to prevent the making of wine on his place. If this true, the general is not only a c. but a d. f.

— Mr. James Ellis, who died in Casey last week, aged 83, was the father of 16 children, 14 of whom lived to manhood and 12 still survive. He had 85 grandchildren and 10 great grandchildren. His wife is still living, aged 78.

— A bribery law has been enacted in New York which makes the acceptance by a public officer of a bribe in any guise a felonious offense, punishable by imprisonment for not more than 10 years or by a fine of not more than \$4,000, or both.

— Woman suffrage won a great victory in Edgerton, Kas., the other day, and the town elected a complete set of female officers. But their official acts were so ridiculous and laughed at that the city government got miffed and resigned in a body.

— Charles Blythe, the negro who is to be hung at Columbus, O., on the 23d, for the murder of Col. Jones, was formerly janitor for the Madison Club, at Richmond, Ky., and the club has sent \$5 to buy him a first-class breakfast before he is strangled.

— There was another horrible caisson accident in river at Louisville Wednesday, by which Assistant Superintendent Mitchell and three workmen were drowned and several others injured. The caisson, owing to insecure fastenings, was overturned.

— Among the work of the New York legislature, just adjourned, was a prohibition amendment to the constitution, to be submitted to the popular vote at the election this fall. It is believed by those familiar with New York politics that it will be easily beaten.

— The mayor of Cedar Keys, Fla., and the town marshal are on a howling drunk and are terrorizing the town. They shot at the light-house keeper, threatened to kill the U. S. collector, tried to shoot the railroad agent, drove the Episcopal minister out of town on pain of a horsewhipping and gave the telegraph operator a terrible beating.

Dr. Van Dyke astonished the New York Presbytery a few days ago by saying, "I know not what others may do, but, as for me, I intend to keep on disbelieving, ignoring and denying the doctrines of reprobation. I will teach that there are no infants in hell, no limits to God's love; that there is salvation open to all mankind and that no man is punished but for his own sin. Is that Calvinism? Before God, I don't know or care. It is Christianity!"

BY RECENT PURCHASES OUR STOCK OF

Dress Goods,

GINGHAM, OUTING FLANNELS,

Carpets, Mattings,

Rugs, &c.,

Is more complete than any time this season.

SEVERANCE & SON.

SPRING CLOTHING.

Our Goods are Now All In

And We Have

AN ELEGANT ASSORTMENT

Men's, Boys' and Children's Suits, Light and Dark Colors, Sacks and Frocks; also Large Line of Pants.

STAGG & McROBERTS.

.....GO TO.....

A. A. WARREN'S

"MODEL GROCERY"

For Garden Hoes, Rakes, Spading Forks

And Spades;

Northern Seed Irish Potatoes, Red & White Onion Sets, Peas and Beans in bulk.

ISABEL.

—OR,—

From Shop to Mansion.

THE ROMANTIC STORY

—OF A—

DRESS-MAKER'S RISE IN LIFE.

That good lady had resolved upon a strategic move, thinking that if she could surprise the enemy she would have a better opportunity to judge of its resources, so she had sent no intimation of her arrival.

Her keen eyes were on the alert to observe any tokens of unwelcome changes or



Mrs. Montford met her in the hall.

Innovations as Mrs. Montford met her in the hall.

"Mr. and Mrs. Falconer have just gone horseback riding," she said, as Mrs. Stanford met her greeting with an inquiring look.

Mrs. Montford was not an recent admirer of Mrs. Stanford; they had always assumed an air of lofty patronage toward her, especially calling to her self-respect, and had in addition shown a disposition to dictate in the management of her brother's household, a proceeding resented by the experienced housekeeper, who rightly thought that, as long as the master was satisfied with her methods, Mrs. Stanford had no occasion to interfere.

Mrs. Stanford was usually too well bred and discreet to discuss family matters with a friend in my capacity, but in this case her curiosity got the better of her judgment, and she said, in a half whisper, as she sat on the drawing-room sofa:

"Pray, Mrs. Montford, what do you think of the new Mrs. Falconer?"

"Think of her! Mrs. Stanford," replied Mrs. Montford, heartily—she read curiosity and disappointment in the tone, and took up the defensive at once. "Why, I think she's a born lady, ma'am, and that your brother is a lucky man to have found such an excellent wife."

Mrs. Stanford was confounded. She had said: "Poor Montford," many times since hearing the news and expected to find the housekeeper in a state of jealous ill-humor at this sudden invasion upon her long-established position.

She had said: "Poor Gracie," also, and made it a part of her plan to take the child back with her to New York for an indefinite stay, as a missionary proceeding, to remove her from the atmosphere of the new stepmother.

"Poor Gracie" came dancing into the room, her cheeks rosy with health, her little face beaming with happiness, and dressed with the most perfect taste, a decided improvement on Mrs. Montford's rather stiff style of juvenile adornment.

"Oh, auntie," she cried, "papa and mamma will be so surprised to see you!"

"Mamma, indeed," exclaimed Mrs. Stanford, inwardly, as she drew the little girl to her embrace. "So you love this new mamma, do you, my dear?" she said aloud. "Oh, yes, auntie," cried the child. "She is such a dear, good mamma, how could I help it?"

"And papa loves her, too, I suppose," said Mrs. Stanford, artfully.

"Why, yes, I suppose so," replied the little girl; "he don't say much, but he looks at her."

Mrs. Stanford laughed, as she said to her self: "He can not look at her for the sake of her beauty, certainly."

Meantime the husband and wife were having a delightful ride in a beautiful park, with no idea of the arrival in their home. Isabel found that her early practice in bare back riding was of use to her, and after the first awkwardness of the mount and starting was over, she sat in her saddle with ease and fearlessness, and could guide gentle Dol by scarcely an effort.

"I'm not sure that you will need any lessons," said Mr. Falconer, merrily, as he noted her expert carriage. "You seem to be a natural rider, and with daily practice you will do nicely. Dol gallops beautifully, when you become enough accustomed to the saddle to try her."

Isabel's cheeks were glowing with exercise as they reached home; her hair, which the breeze had blown into a state of fluffy disorder, crept out from under her bonnet hat in little moist rings upon her forehead, and she was smiling happily at some smile of Mr. Falconer's.

They lingered a moment in the hall after Tom had taken the horses, and Mrs. Stanford had time to brace herself and put on her most aristocratic air before Isabel, followed by her husband, entered the room.

Mrs. Stanford had made no allowances for the beautifying effects of happiness, the change which "peace and plenty" coming into a starved, cramped life can make, and she could scarcely believe her eyes when she saw her brother's wife and recognized "that homely girl" in the tall, graceful creature, the once thin face plump and ruddy, the eyes, heavy with overwork and discouragement, now bright and sparkling, and she commented within herself: "Goodness! I shouldn't have known her."

"My dear sister!" said Mr. Falconer, taking Mrs. Stanford's hand in his, "this is indeed a surprise, for we expected a telegram before you arrived!" Then, with as much respect as if presenting a Duchess he said: "Let me present to you my wife, Mrs. Falconer."

CHAPTER V.
Isabel took the offered hand of her sister-in-law, saying with gentle dignity: "Welcome to our home, Mrs. Stanford; permit

me to hope that our acquaintance will prove mutually agreeable."

Nothing but Mrs. Stanford's willingness to find fault in her could have constrained the quiet sentence into anything improper, but that lady, with some mortified civil reply outwardly, thought inwardly: "Our home, indeed!" Then, with some mortified civil reply outwardly, thought inwardly: "Our home, indeed!" Then, with some mortified civil reply outwardly, thought inwardly: "Our home, indeed!"

She could not deny to herself that, after the awkwardness of the first meeting wore off, the new mistress did the honors of the household with graceful dignity, and she found herself involuntarily admiring her as she came or went in an ornate dress of heavy silk, beautifully made, and worn with an unconscious mechanism far removed from the "dressed-up" parsons for which Mrs. Stanford so heatedly despised.

She had come with the benevolent intention of giving her new relative numberless lessons in deportment, but she hardly knew where to commence and wisely concluded to defer her instructions.

She watched every movement, fully prepared to criticize, though Isabel seemed serenely unconscious of the fact. A lady called in the afternoon. Mr. Falconer, "At Home" cards had met few responses, the most of the residents being out of town, but Mrs. Colonel De Long was an old-time friend of the Falconers, and had made it a point to call while on a flying visit to the city.

She was the leader of a select circle of Philadelphia's best society, and upon her depended much of Mrs. Falconer's social success.

She was, happily, one of the frank, open-hearted women whom society can not spoil; her heart remaining in a state of healthy development, in spite of the requirements of fashionable life, and Isabel recognized in her a congenial spirit, and appeared at her best, to Mrs. Stanford's surprise, for she had looked to see her in the presence of the stylish stranger.

"I do believe the girl's extraneous will carry her through any thing," she commented with herself, as the ladies chatted easily on various topics; still she was secretly pleased also, with the ability of her new relative to acquit herself so creditably in such a presence.

"You have reason to congratulate your self on such a charming accession to your family," said Mrs. De Long, as Isabel excused herself for a moment to bring a book, of which they had been speaking, from the library. "We shall be delighted to remember her among us," though Mrs. Stanford received the communication with a sense of relieved gratitude, she was still in a tremor of anxiety lest it leak out in some unlooked-for manner that she had been one of the despised class, among a certain class of aristocrats, a shop-girl!

"What do you think of her?" Isabel had gone to her room, and the other house-sister were alone.

"Really, Harvey, she would be an exceptionally fine woman if it were not—" and Mrs. Stanford stopped abruptly.

"For the terrible fact that she has once earned her bread by the honest toil of her hands," said Mr. Falconer, finishing her sentence with a slightly sarcastic smile.

"Now see, my dear sister, how differently you and I view this question; in my eyes this fact only strengthens my admiration for her, and shows me that she is a woman of resources and ability."

"Yet you do not proclaim it publicly," said Mrs. Stanford, a little irritably; "so you see you are not consistent."

"You will admit, however, that the fact did not influence my choice," he replied, quietly; "you are only one of a large circle who have this foolish prejudice against honest labor. The fact will be known, sooner or later, of course, but I prefer that Isabel shall have the opportunity to form certain acquaintances first, after which I have no idea that the knowledge will harm her in the least."

"Mrs. Colonel De Long seemed charmed with her to-day," said Mrs. Stanford, reflectively, "and I must confess I never saw any one who dropped more readily and easily into luxurious belongings."

"You will find that mere externals are not all there is commendable in Isabel," resumed Mr. Falconer, with a grizzled smile, "and Mrs. De Long is just the woman to find these out, and with her friendship—but as the rustle of Isabel's dress was heard on the staircase, no more was said.

"You have not inquired for Mme. Arnot," said Mrs. Stanford, as Isabel was seated; Gracie was in Mrs. Montford's room, and the three were together; there was a little malicious curiosity in the remark, to see how Isabel would take the allusion to her past life.

"I am not aware that I have any desire to hear from Mme. Arnot," she replied, coldly; she recognized the covert fling which sought to bring her former poverty to her mind.

"Why?" said Mrs. Stanford, elevating her eye-brows with well-affected surprise.

"Because she is a selfish, cruel woman," replied Isabel, with more heat than she had shown since she had become Mrs. Falconer, "and because she has a little power which money gives her she rules her work-women with a rod of iron."

"What, that weak, pretty little woman?" said Mrs. Stanford, indifferently.

"The very same," repeated Isabel, wrathfully. "Rising from the most abject poverty herself, she has no pity for others who are poor, and grinds every ounce of work and humiliation and self-respect out of her girls that is possible. I should like to hear how Lettie and Jessie and the other girls are, but I do not care to hear of Mme. Arnot."

"She was complaining bitterly of her trials when I was in there last," said Mrs. Stanford, ignoring Isabel's last remark. "In the first place, you who had always been her favorite, her right-hand assistant—how much of that she put on for my benefit I do not know—(Isabel's nose went up scornfully) had left her suddenly; Jessie Dewey had gone soon after, and the girl you call Lettie was sick."

"Lottie sick, dear sweet little Lottie sick," interrupted Isabel; "did she say of what?"

"Her lameness, I believe, which had become so painful that she could not get up from her work."

"Poor little girl! She is the dearest and sweetest little martyr that ever lived," cried Isabel, pitifully; "but must be the severest wife justice at least, if no more."

The next morning she arose with a determination to be kind toward the young hostess, and she succeeded so well that she was unexpectedly agreeable. She was sitting in the drawing-room when Isabel entered from a visit to Mrs. Montford's room. That good woman had divined the state of affairs intuitively, and her sympathies were with the young wife, and she could not resist the temptation of saying, with a significant nod:

"Don't you let her browbeat you one particle, Mrs. Falconer," and Isabel had replied smilingly, with a little pat of the good woman's motherly shoulder: "Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Montford, on my account."

"Gracie tells me you have been having some new dresses made," Mrs. Stanford was saying, pleasantly. "I must confess to a weakness for liking to see pretty costumes," and, in obedience to the hint, Isabel led the way to her room, and the remainder of the morning was spent in

looking over the new wardrobe and discussing styles.

"If you will allow me to compliment you," said Mrs. Stanford, as she inspected the garnet velvet with the eye of an expert, "I must say you have shown the most perfect taste in your selections." She had half expected to see a gaudy display, such a mistake as might easily have been made by a less pure taste.

Isabel received the commendation with a flush of pleasure; she was anxious to be friendly with this haughty sister-in-law, though she did not intend to engage, or sacrifice, a shade of her self-respect, to gain her friendship, and it was pleasant to hear a compliment from her, even upon the secondary topic of dress.

"It is the first time I have ever had the opportunity of pleasing myself without regard to expense," she replied, quietly, "and doubtless my taste will improve with opportunity and culture."

"I don't see how P can," said the other, with a smile; "I haven't told you of Lady's wedding gifts, have I?" she continued, with a mother's pride in her only daughter's marriage festivities.

"I shall be delighted to hear," said Isabel, cordially. "I admire Mrs. Norton so much, and am in such haste to make her acquaintance."

The ball was soothed to the mother's heart, and she replied cordially also, with a little laugh: "The admiration is mutual, then, for Lily quite rates over you; that picture which you and Harvey sent quite captivated her, and it is a beauty; it takes a front rank in her list of gifts," and then followed a description of the wedding and trousseau, which occupied the remainder of the morning.

In the afternoon more callers came in, Mrs. Dwight among them, another prominent lady in the circle which Isabel was expected to enter.

She had tired of Newport, she said, and had come home to rest; she was a bright, captivating little lady, and, like a breathing breeze, cheered and cleared the atmosphere wherever she went. Society had quite failed to spoil her, and she carried her warm heart where nature had placed it, in direct communication with her bright, busy brain and her deeds of charity and kindness will perhaps never be estimated until she meets them again in that hereafter, where even the kindest word and modest cup of cold water are not forgotten.

"We shall have such a delightful opportunity to get acquainted before the season commences," she said brightly. "I only know how to knit, I would put on a black silk shawl and come over and bring my knitting, as grandmother used to do."

"But in loss of knitting, please lay aside formality and come in without ceremony," said Isabel, gracefully, meeting her caller's cordially. "Mrs. Stanford was more than ever impressed with her new sense of ability to make her way in society, and she was in a very amiable frame of mind as evening drew near, which fact Mr. Falconer observed with pleasure.

"We will spend the evening in the 'bono room,'" he said to Isobel in a low voice, as they passed out of the dining room.

"Very well," she said, looking up with a happy smile. "I have to speak to Mrs. Montford a moment, and will join you there."

"This is our snugger; where we keep the altar fires of home burning," said Mr. Falconer, as he threw open the door and ushered his sister in. It was a revelation to her, and she looked about her in surprise; as well she might, for there was nothing in her original home which compared with it for beauty and purity of design.

"It is Isobel's work," said Mr. Falconer.

"Even to the portrait?" said Mrs. Stanford, inquisitively, as she paused before the picture in surprise. She had imagined poor Mattie's face banished from the new wife's presence.

"That was her thought, also, and a complete surprise with the rest."

"I surrender, Harvey." The sister turned with tears in her eyes toward her brother and placed her hand upon his arm affectionately. She had a tender heart, though, as we have seen, it was surrounded with a heavy crust of worldliness. "You have indeed found a treasure among women, and together we will fight her battles, if need be."

"No," he replied, decidedly, "not until our family wheels have an application of the oil of kindness and love," and he looked significantly at the form on the balcony; "we want no jarring or discordance here."

"Is there any thing I can say or do, Mr. Falconer?" in a low, pained voice.

"No, my dear wife," he had never called her that before, and she looked up at him gratefully. "Only be patient and natural. Emily is not showing her better self, and I am sure a little patience and forbearance will bring it all right."

Mrs. Stanford, even then, was strung with herself, having the grace to be ashamed of her petulance. "I know I should love her with the rest," she said to herself, "if the bad had been one of our own rank in society, but—" and that little "but" was enough to embitter all her thoughts.

Mrs. Stanford had two sides to her character, one a selfish and worldly side, with an overwhelming respect for what they said or did, the other a charmingly friendly and kindly one, which few could resist. This better self was struggling for pre-eminence, as she absently looked into the depths of a pure candle light.

"Oh, papa, let's ride out to Fairmount this evening," said Gracie, as Mrs. Stanford came rustling in with a happy shade upon her hands and face. "Auntie has not seen the new station."

"True, my little girl, that is a happy suggestion," said Mr. Falconer, "if auntie would like to go."

"It would certainly be a very pleasant way of spending the evening," said Mrs. Stanford, graciously; she had sensibly determined that there should be no more friction for that evening at least, and Mr. Falconer went at once to order the horses.

The cool evening air, after the heat of the day, and the beauty of the drive insensibly calmed Mrs. Stanford's ruffled feelings and brought out her better self, and she was particularly chatty and agreeable, to Isabel's relief, who responded at once to her mood.

Gracie delighted in riding, and expressed the happiness of her little heart by a flow of childish conversation as she nestled close by Isabel's side, laying her cheek lovingly against the soft velvet and chenille of her wrap, and occasionally looking in her face with a smile of satisfaction.

Mrs. Stanford was not slow to observe these signs of affection, and, happily, she was inspired by them to a desire to do her brother's wife justice at least, if no more.

The next morning she arose with a determination to be kind toward the young hostess, and she succeeded so well that she was unexpectedly agreeable. She was sitting in the drawing-room when Isabel entered from a visit to Mrs. Montford's room. That good woman had divined the state of affairs intuitively, and her sympathies were with the young wife, and she could not resist the temptation of saying, with a significant nod:

"Don't you let her browbeat you one particle, Mrs. Falconer," and Isabel had replied smilingly, with a little pat of the good woman's motherly shoulder: "Don't be alarmed, Mrs. Montford, on my account."

"Gracie tells me you have been having some new dresses made," Mrs. Stanford was saying, pleasantly. "I must confess to a weakness for liking to see pretty costumes," and, in obedience to the hint, Isabel led the way to her room, and the remainder of the morning was spent in

CHAPTER VI.

"Of all the notable things on earth,

The queerest one is pride of birth."

The heated season was over and the greater portion of the city's people were at home again; meantime Isabel had made a few very pleasant acquaintances, and was on friendly, and even intimate, terms with Mrs. Colonel De Long, who had discovered that which Mr. Falconer had hoped she would in his wife, qualities of more value than mere external graces.

"Mrs. Harry Dwight, who lived near, and

also became an informal visitor, and was enthusiastic in her praises of Mrs. Falconer.

MEANS BUSINESS.

LINDRETH'S Garden Seeds, fresh and genuine. A. R. Penny.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY REPAIRED AND CRAFTED. A. R. PENNY.

THE best place to buy drugs, patent medicines and toilet articles is at A. R. Penny's.

BURY YOUR SCHOOL BOOKS, INK, TABLETS, PENS, PENCILS AND SCHOOL SUPPLIES OF ALL KINDS FROM A. R. PENNY.

PERSONAL POINTS.

Mrs. J. T. Hockers is still very ill at her father's, Mr. D. J. Crow.

Mrs. Dr. Brouse of Wisconsin, has been visiting Mrs. R. G. Hall.

Mrs. Nora Grindstone of Franklin, is visiting her sister, Mrs. A. B. Root.

Mrs. Matt Wootson went up to Princeton yesterday to join her husband.

Mr. J. S. Wells has a pet in the shape of an alligator sent by a Florida friend.

Mrs. McHenry and Mr. J. S. Higgins went up to Rock Castle Springs yesterday.

Mrs. BENEDICT SPALDING, of Lebanon, is on a visit to her father, Col. Thomas P. Hill.

Mrs. L. H. Rawson and children, of Lexington, are with Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Ramsey.

Mr. L. T. Grinnell, agent and operator at Rugby, Tenn., wife and baby boy are visiting Mrs. J. A. Carpenter.

SIR KNIGHT A. A. Mc KIMMIE is attending the meeting of the Grand Commandery at Louisville this week.

Col. J. M. Baxley went up to Middleboro Tuesday to see how the "old woman" is getting on with her boarding house.

Dr. WALTER E. LEONARD of Paint Lick, left Tuesday for Henderson to attend the annual meeting of the Kentucky State Medical Society.

Mrs. J. T. Lynn, who has been spending sometime with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Wray, returned with her less to Louisville Wednesday.

MR. AND MRS. M. LIVINGSTON have moved to Hopkinsville from Cincinnati, the former place being more convenient for him to make his headquarters.

Messrs. W. G. Wilson, W. B. Penny, Jim Gentry, L. C. Walton, Dick Gentry, G. C. Keeler, Joe Embry from here saw the Derby and took in lots of cash.

Mr. A. R. Penny visited his sister in Illinois this week, whom he had not seen for many years, and returned to Louisville in time to attend the Grand Commandery.

PROF. W. F. McCRARY has received from Superintendent Pickett the certificate of qualification necessary to be presented in order to become candidate for Superintendent of Common Schools.

BENJ. L. POWERS, late of Stanford, and his brother-in-law, Robert Dawson, of Paint Lick, have purchased White's Mill, at White's Station, on the K. C. R. and will proceed at once to add the roller system and other important features— Richmond Climax.

MR. W. B. MOSS passed home from Middleboro yesterday. He was present at the city election and says that over 1,400 votes were cast, although there are only 265 legal voters in the city. Repeating was the order of the day and some who started early got in 8 or 10 times, receiving as much in one instance as \$125.

CITY AND VICINITY.

New cabbage at S. S. Myers'.

SEE OUT NEW GINGERBREAD, OUTING FLANNELS, PENNANTS, &c. SEVERANCE & SON.

THERE has been no change of date in the Merry Bachelors' semi-annual hop. It will occur at Walton's Opera House, June 1st.

The municipal election at Middleboro resulted in a victory for the democrats, another reason for the hope of its great future.

Keep your eye on Somerset! The great sale of lots begins next Tuesday, when the railroads will sell round trip tickets very low.

Our stock of dress goods is again complete. See our new combination suits and sidebands at greatly reduced prices. SEVERANCE & SON.

THERE still remains half a mile of the Cynthiana turnpike to grade and 23 miles for metal to be spread, but Contractor N. Becker tells us if the weather will ever clear up he will soon have it through.

THERE is the worst kind of an egg famine prevailing here. They cannot be had for love nor money. Either the hens are on a strike or the farmers are holding for a rise (?) when the tariff on them goes into effect.

JOHN BALLARD, the oldest man in the Highland precinct, having turned his 86th year, was struck speechless Wednesday and is expected to die at any moment. John Sandifer, another old man of that vicinity, is down with the pneumonia.

MR. G. L. MAHON has opened an upholstering and furniture repairing shop next door to Mark Hardin, and is prepared to do all kinds of work in his line. He will be assisted by his son, Tinsley Mershon. Such an establishment is needed here.

Prue German Millet seed for sale. J. B. Foster.

FISH Friday Wednesdays and Saturdays. M. F. Elkin.

TEA-CON SOFT WATER, the best in the country, at W. B. McRoberts'.

A SPLENDID lot of flower pots and crocks, at cost at Mark Hardin's.

AWAY STAL AGENT for the Walter A. Wood harvesting machines, the best on the market. L. M. Bruce.

We have just received a new lot of wool and Brussels carpets, strawmatting, rings, &c. SEVERANCE & SON.

FRESH SUPPLY OF READY-MIXED PAINTS. Durability and quality guaranteed to be first-class. W. B. McRoberts.

A FEW choice patternism all-wool chaises, fish-nets and Henriette lace for over-dresses, the newest thing out. SEVERANCE & SON.

WHEAT. I wish to buy in the next 25 or 30 days 1,000 bushels of wheat. Call on or address me at the Stanford Roller Mills. T. J. Foster, Sup't.

They do not seem to want a railroad in Ashland as badly as was alleged. The representative from that county has presented a bill in the legislature to prohibit it from voting a tax in aid of railroads. If such a bill is passed it will throw a decided damper on the C. R. R. project.

The doctors tell us that Milton Simpson, whose skull was crushed with a hoe by Cong Skidmore, is out of danger and will recover. It is a serious matter, but the fact is again demonstrated that you can kill an American citizen of African descent by hitting him on the head.

Tim Richmond Climax appears this week in a brand new suit of spring clothes, but fails to print the usual glorification in doing so. French Tipton is making a mighty good paper of it and the fact that he can procure such a nice outfit is evidence that his efforts are appreciated.

It is reported that the physicians and probabilities are trying to combine on Dr. J. S. Cooper, of Cynthiana, for county judge, but it is not certain that it can be done. Dr. Cooper is a fine gentleman, with too much sense to tackle Judge Vinton, who never was and never will be beaten, he says.

W. L. Dawson left his horse standing at Mrs. Paulina Hays' Wednesday while he went into the house. The animal was considered the gentlest in the country, but about that you can not always tell. Something frightened him and away he ran, upturning the buggy and tearing it to pieces. A horse and a gun are alike in one respect, they are always loaded when you least expect it.

THE Kentucky Central offers the following party rates: 10 to 14 persons inclusive, 25 cents per mile each; 15 to 25 persons inclusive, 24 cents per mile each; 26 to 99 persons inclusive, 2 cents per mile each. Round trip party rates will be double the above, except that for 50 or more the rate will be one fare for the round trip, parties to travel in a body on one ticket. No stop-over allowed.

THEO has been some delay in receiving the Dictionaries, but they are now on hand and being rapidly sent to those who have ordered them. A Webster's Unbridged delivered to your nearest express office free of charge and this paper per year, all for \$4.50, is about the best offer ever presented in these parts. It is still open to old and new subscribers and those who desire to examine the dictionary can do so by calling at this office.

OUR SAM SHOOTS A NEGRO.—Mr. S. W. Menefee, a student at the College, was after a rabbit with a shot-gun in the campus Friday afternoon, and in getting over a fence, he attempted to lower the hammer of his gun when his thumb slipped off and the gun was discharged part of the contents striking an old colored man named Crosthwaite, who was about 150 yards distant. One shot struck him in the lip, one in the breast and one in the thumb, inflicting slight wounds.

—Rev. Otto Kahr, the Lutheran minister, who spent the winter at Hamlin, O., returned Tuesday to preach on assumption day at Ottendorf, where he will also preach Sunday. He has been commissioned by the general council as traveling preacher in Kentucky and Tennessee. His business is to look up German families scattered over those States and if possible collect them into Lutheran churches and congregations.

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